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FIRST EPISTLE
OF HORACE

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
HORACE.

B



Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. I.

A D

MÆCENATEM.



RIMA dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ!

² Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude,
quæris

(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?

Non eadem est ætas, non mens. ³ Vejanus Armis

⁴ Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,

Ne populum ⁵ extremâ, toties, exoret arenâ.

THE
FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK
OF *Moratus Flaccus (L.)*
HORACE
IMITATED.

By Mr. POPE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-*
mall, and sold by *T. Cooper* in *Pater-noster-row*,
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First Edition

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

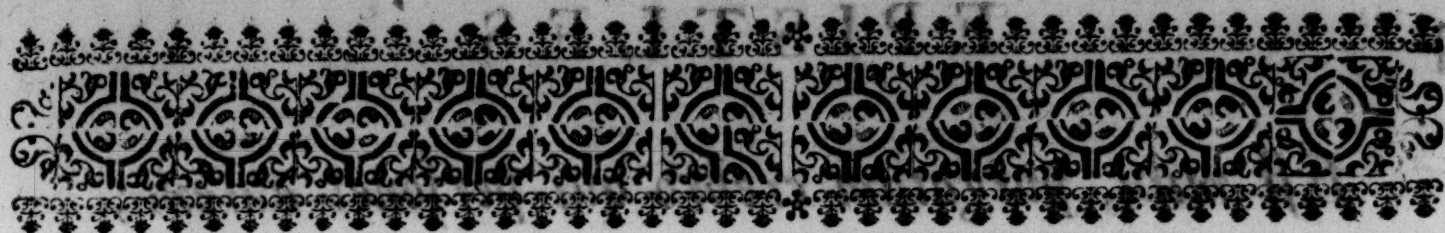
HORACE

LIMITED

By Mr. Pope

LONDON

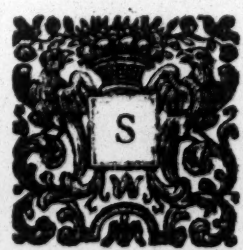
Printed for R. Dodsley at York's Head in Pall Mall, and sold by T. Cadogan in Pall Mall, 1733.



EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.



* * whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my
last !

Why ² will you break the Sabbath of my days ?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
Publick too long, ah let me hide my Age ! 5
See modest ³ Cibber now has left the Stage :
Our Gen'als now, ⁴ retir'd to their Estates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor ⁵ fond of bleeding, ev'n in BR——'s cause. 10

⁶ *Est mihi, purgatam crebro qui personet aurem;*

"Solve ⁷ senescentem mature sanus equum, ne

"Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat."

Nunc itaque, & ⁸ Versus & cætera ludicra pono,

*Quid ⁹ verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in
hoc sum.*

¹⁰ *Condo & compono quæ mox depromere possim.*

Ac ne forte roges, ¹¹ quo me duce, quo Lare tuter?

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,

¹² *Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor Hospes.*

Nunc agilis fio, & mersor ¹³ civilibus undis,

Virtutis veræ Custos, ¹⁴ rigidusque fatelles.

*Nunc in * Aristippi ¹⁵ furtim præcepta relabor*

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res.

for pages 3 & 4 vide the end

O F H O R A C E.

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⁶ A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
(’Tis Reason’s voice, which sometimes one can hear)
” Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your ⁷ Muse take breath,
” And never gallop Pegafus to death ;
” Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire, and force, ¹⁵
” You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor’s horse.’

Farewell then ⁸ Verse, and Love, and ev’ry Toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the Man or Boy :
What ⁹ right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care — for this is All: ²⁰
To lay this ¹⁰ harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev’ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ¹¹ Doctors I apply ?
Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I :
As drives the ¹² storm, at any door I knock, ²⁵
And house with Montagne now, or now with Lock.
Sometimes a ¹³ Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, ¹⁴ and as warm as true :
Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my Candor, and grow all to all ;

C

Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.

¹⁶ *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, diesque
Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum :
Sic mihi tarda ¹⁷ fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter ¹⁸ id, quod
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æque,
Æque neglectum pueris, senibusque nocebit.*

¹⁹ *Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam, ²⁰ solerque, Ele-
mentis.*

²¹ *Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :
Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Est quâdam prodire ²² tenuis, si non datur ultra.*

Back to my ¹⁵ native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tyde.

¹⁶ Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day ;
Long as the Night to her whose love's away ; 35
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one ;
So slow th' ¹⁷ unprofitable Moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul ;
That keep me from Myself ; and still delay 40
Life's instant business to a future day :
That ¹⁸ task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wife ;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor. 45

¹⁹ Late as it is, I put my self to school,
And feel some ²⁰ comfort, not to be a fool.
²¹ Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of fight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite, 50
I'll do what MEAD and CHESELDEN advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to ²² go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

²³ *Fervet Avaritia, miseroque Cupidine pectus ?*
Sunt verba & voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, & ²⁴ magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes ? sunt ²⁵ certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
²⁶ *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ²⁷ Amator,*
Nemo ²⁸ adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

²⁹ *Virtus est vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruisse — —

— *Vides, quæ ³⁰ maxima credis*
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore ?
Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per ³¹ mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes :
Ne cures ³² ea que stulte miraris & optas
*Discere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis? * **

Say, does thy ²³ blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controul
(²⁴ Between the Fits) this Fever of the soul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which (²⁵ fresh and fresh ap-
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. [ply'd)
Be ²⁶ furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk,
²⁷ Slave to a Wife or Vassal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch ²⁸ Bear —
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
²⁹ 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world, no ³⁰ bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
And ³² ease thy heart of all that it admires?

"³³ *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum —*

"³⁴ *O cives, cives! quærenda Pecunia primum est,*

"*Virtus post nummos — Hæc*³⁵ *Janus summus ab imo*

Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata, senesque,

³⁶ *Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*

*Est*³⁷ *animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque —*

Si quadringentis sex, septem millia desint,

³⁸ *Plebs eris —*

³⁹ *At pueri ludentes, 'Rex eris (aiunt)*

"*Si recte facies."* *Hic*⁴⁰ *murus aheneus esto,*

Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallefcere culpâ!

⁴¹ *Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum*

Nænia? quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,

Here, Wisdom calls: ³³ "Seek Virtue first! be bold!
" As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."

There, London's voice: ³⁴ "Get Mony, Mony still!
" And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80

This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From ³⁵ low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose ³⁶ quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches Sticks at Westminster.

BARNARD in ³⁷ spirit, sense, and truth abounds. 85
" Pray then what wants he?" fourscore thousand
A Pension, or such Harnefs for a slave [pounds,
As Bug now has, and Bestia fain would have.

BARNARD, thou art a ³⁸ *Cit*, with all thy worth;
Bestia and Bug, Their *Honours*, and so forth. 90

Yet every ³⁹ child another song will sing,
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy ⁴⁰ Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

⁴¹ And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?

Et Maribus ⁴² Curiis, & decantata Camillis?

⁴³ *Isne tibi melius suadet, qui "Rem facias, rem,*

"Si possis, recte, si non, quocunque modo rem."

Ut ⁴⁴ proprius spectes lacrymosa Poemata Pupi!

An, ⁴⁵ qui Fortunæ te responsare superbæ

Liberum & erectum, ⁴⁶ præsens hortatur, & aptat?

⁴⁷ *Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur*

Non, ut ⁴⁸ porticibus, sic judiciis fruar iisdem,

Nec sequar aut fugiam, quos diligit ipse, vel odit?

Olim quod ⁴⁹ Vulpes ægroto cauta Leoni

Respondit, referam: "Quia me vestigia terrent

"Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

The modern language of corrupted Peers,
 Or what was spoke at ⁴² CRESSY and POITIERS?
⁴³ Who counfels best? who whispers, "Be but Great,
 " With Praise or Infamy, leave that to fate;
 " Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with Grace;
 " If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
 For what? to have a ⁴⁴ Box where Eunuchs sing, ¹⁰⁵
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
 Or ⁴⁵ he, who bids thee face with steddý view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro':
 And, ⁴⁶ while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? }
 If ⁴⁷ such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, ¹¹⁰
 Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
 If honest S* take scandal at a spark,
 That less admires the ⁴⁸ Palace than the Park;
 Faith I shall give the answer ⁴⁹ Reynard gave,
 " I cannot like, Dread Sir! your Royal Cave; ¹¹⁵
 " Because I see by all the Tracks about,
 " Full many a Beast goes in, but none comes out."
 Adieu to Virtue if you're once a Slave:
 Send her to Court, you send her to her Grave.

⁵⁰ Bellua multorum est caput, nam quid sequar
aut quem?

Pars hominum gestit ⁵¹ *conducere Publica. Sunt qui*

⁵² *Crustis & Pomis, Viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittunt.

⁵³ *Multis occulto crescit res fœnore —*

—⁵⁴ *Verum*

Esto, aliis alios rebus, studiisque teneri:

Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

⁵⁵ ” *Nullus in orbe locus Baiis preluet amœnis:”*

Si dixit Dives, ⁵⁶ *lacus & mare sentit amorem*

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120
 The ⁵⁰ People are a many-headed Beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their ⁵¹ Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main:
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
 Some keep Assemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews;
 Some ⁵² with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn; 130
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
 While with the silent growth of ten per Cent,
 In Dirt and darkness ⁵³ hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ⁵⁴ pursues his own,
 Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone. 135

But show me one, who has it in his pow'r
 To act consistent with himself an hour.
 Sir Job ⁵⁵ sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"

⁵⁶ Up starts a Palace, lo! th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face.

Festinantis heri. Cui si ⁵⁷ vitiosa Libido
 Fecerit auspicium, cras, "ferramenta Teanum
 "Tolletis, fabri! —

— ⁵⁸ Lectus genialis in aula est?

Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cælibe vita:

⁵⁹ Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.

⁶⁰ Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Quid ⁶¹ pauper? ride: mutat ⁶² cænacula, lectos,

Balnea, ⁶³ tonfores; conducto ⁶⁴ navigio, æquæ

Nauseat ac locuples, quem ducit priva tirremis.

⁶⁵ Si curtatus inæquali tonsore capillos

Occurro, rides; si forte subucula pexæ

Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga dissidet impar,

Now let some whimzy, or that ⁵⁷ Dev'l within
 Which guides all those who know not what they mean }
 But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen ; ¹⁴⁵ }

" Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down,
 " For Snug's the word : My dear ! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the ⁵⁸ Stocking thrown ?

That very night he longs to lye alone.

⁵⁹ The Fool whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial Solace dies a martyr. ¹⁵¹

Did ever ⁶⁰ Proteus, Merlin, any Witch,
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich ? }

" Well, but the ⁶¹ Poor — the Poor have the same itch : }

They change their ⁶³ weekly Barber, weekly News,
 Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, ¹⁵⁶

Discharge their ⁶² Garrets, move their Beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one ;
 They ⁶⁴ hire their Sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the Climate — like a Lord.

⁶⁵ You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I stand,
 My Wig all powder, and all snuff my Band ;
 You laugh, if Coat and Breeches strangely vary,
 White Gloves, and Linnen worthy Lady Mary !

Rides : quid ? ⁶⁶ mea cum pugnat Sententia secum,

Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;

⁶⁷ Aestuat, & Vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;

⁶⁸ Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ?

⁶⁹ Insanire putas solennia me ; neque rides,

Nec ⁷⁰ Medici credis, nec Curatoris egere

A Præture dati ? rerum ⁷¹ Tutela mearum

Cum sis, & pravè sectum stomacheris ob unguem,

De te pendentis, te suspicientis, Amici.

Ad summam, Sapiens uno ⁷² minor est Jove ! ⁷³ Dives !

⁷⁴ Liber ! ⁷⁵ honoratus ! ⁷⁶ pulcher ! —

— ⁷⁷ Rex denique regum !

Præcipue sanus —

— ⁷⁸ Nisi cum pituita molesta est.



But when ⁶⁶ no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166
 When (each Opinion with the next at strife,
 One ⁶⁷ ebb and flow of follies all my Life)
 I ⁶⁸ plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;
⁶⁹ You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this Madness but a common case,
 Nor ⁷⁰ once to Chanc'ry, nor to * Hales apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!
 Careless how ill I with myself agree; 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
 Is this my ⁷¹ Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 This, He who loves me, and who ought to mend?
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)

That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own, 180
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd, [press'd,
 Rich ⁷³ ev'n when plunder'd, ⁷⁵ honour'd while op-
 Lov'd ⁷⁶ without youth, and follow'd without power,
 At home tho' exil'd, ⁷⁴ free, tho' in the Tower.
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just ⁷² less than Jove, and ⁷⁷ much above a King,
 Nay half in Heav'n — ⁷⁸ except (what's mighty odd)
 A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-god.

* The Doctor of Bedlam.



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144. m.
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O R H O R A C E

But when no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-shirt laid,
Is half so incoherent as my Mind,
When (each Opinion with the next at strife)
One ebb and flow of follies all my Life)
I plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to square, and square again to round:
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this Mad's but a common case,
Not once to Charity, nor to Hales apply;
Yet hang your lip to be a Sinner why?
Circles how ill I with myself agree;
Kind to my birth, my figure, not to me,
Is this my Circle? Philosopher, and I shall
This He who loves me, and who ought to mend
Who ought to make me (what he can or none)
That man does me what I wish, calls me his own,
Great without Title, without Fortune, bid I love,
Rich, even when I am poor, honored while I live,
Loved without reason, and to be loved without power,
At home the chief, and yet the chiefest I love,
In house and field, in town and country, I love,
In all my life, and in my death I love,
Nay, still in all my life, and in my death I love,
A fit of reason, and a fit of love.